

[Grabs his head as if in visible pain, trying to get him self under control. Finally forces out in a murmur.] Well you seem to know how to play reasonably well. Let's go to the Covington-Fordham party. Bring the whiskey. I need a stiff drink if I'm going to get through the night. [They exit]

ACT 4 SCENE 3

Chorus

SONG MISSING 1265-91 AND DESPERATELY NEEDED

ACT 5 SCENE 1

Chorus, Ziggy

Ziggy

[Enters, dishevelled, out of breath, with a black eye] Sometimes, sometimes I wish I were a turtle. They're covered from calamity on every side, those heroes ~~in~~ ^{on the} half-shell. As it stands, dudes, I'm fucked, tripped up by the old man's cane.

Chorus Leader

What, bitch? And it doesn't even matter if you're a dude--you get your ass kicked? We call you a bitch.

Ziggy

The old man is a disaster! He managed to be the drunkest person at the party, even though Kanye West, Robert Downey Jr., and both Olsen twins were in the room! But he, *he* was the worst! As soon as he'd had his hors d'oeuvres and a drink, then another drink, and another and another, he started screaming, farting, cat calling, jumping around, jumping around, he jumped up, jumped up and got down. Just like a donkey that's had its barley (as they say in Greece)!

He beat me up--the man was high as shit--and he called me a bitch! Zach Galifianakis saw that and said "Old Dude, you look like a Mexican sex-show". And the old man screamed back "duuuuuuuude, you look like you should take a shower". Everyone was all "Oh no he *didn't*!" And then there was old Bill Murray, sitting in a corner, smirking like he always does. So the old man asked him "really, who do you think you are, too cool for school, Peter Venkman, Mr. Ghost Buster!" And so it went, back and forth, he insulted everyone in turn, like a hill-billy at the opera. And when he'd had a few more rounds, he made his way home, stumbling, and sucker-punched every second person he saw. Here he comes, the drunken brawler; I'm getting out of here, before he gets his hands on *me*! [Ziggy exits]

ACT 5 SCENE 2

Chorus, Phil, Drunk Girl, Victim

[Enter Phil, Drunk Girl, followed by Victim]

Phil O'Cleon

[Drunk, belligerent, and with slurred speech]

Move! Outta my way!

[holding a bottle of champagne and accompanied by a stripper. Humming and shadow boxing to the tune of Eye of the Tiger]

Out'a ma way

Some people back there

they're gonna be really sorry

through this champagne bottle
in my hand, gonna chase
them all done, make them bleed

Victim

Don't think you can get away with this! You'll pay, tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, even if you're a juvie. I'll see you behind bars!

Phil O'Cleon

[Seemingly unaware of the victim, now to the chorus]

I hate
protests, tea-partiers, I detest all this fight
How I love
partying, alcohol and ba-abes,
please bring
Krystal and let's go pop champagnes through the night,
we intellectuals need fun to grease the wheels
in our brai-ains.

Right this way, my pretty blonde bimbo (*clearly drunk out of her mind*). Go ahead and turn this knob, whoops!
Be careful! It's a little rusty and could use some greasing.

ACT 5 SCENE 3

Chorus, Phil, Drunk Girl, Del

[Amused to himself more than anything] Ha! Did you see my skill, how I got you away from the party before those dicks got completely coked up and started asking for blowjobs. And because of that, you owe me one, sweetie. Ah, but I know your kind--you're a tease, instead of leaping onto my penis, like you ought to, you're gonna take me for a ride, like all the others. But... if you're a nice girl... as soon as my son is dead, I'll marry you, and all of *this [gestures to phallus]* could be yours, ma lil' Coochie. As it stands, I'm not in charge of it; I'm just a kid, still a minor, and my son watches over me. The curmudgeon, he's sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo boring. He worries I'll be corrupted, his only father. *[Enter Del]* Oh, here he comes! It looks like he's chasing after us. Here hold this *[hands champagne over]*, I'm going to prank him just like he used to prank me every Halloween.

Del O'Cleon

You stupid pussy-chaser. *[Phil feigns innocence]* Yeah. you look like you're about to get laid.. six feet under. There is *no* way you're getting away with this.

Phil O'Cleon

Hey, don't you try to regulate me! I've got my rights! *[In Cartman voice?]* It's my hot body. I'll do what I want!

Del O'Cleon

Dad! *[Grabbing him by the shoulders]* You kidnapped a stripper!

Phil O'Cleon

What stripper? What are you talking about?!

Del O'Cleon

Jesus, this is her right here!

Phil O'Cleon

No sir, it's a big ol' champagne bottle.

Del O'Cleon

This? Is a champagne bottle? *[Pointing at the girl]*

Phil O'Cleon

Ohhhhhhh yeah. Are you not seeing these lips?

Del O'Cleon

Jesus, but what about THOSE lips?

Phil O'Cleon

You can drink from that end, too.

Del O'Cleon

And back here? Isn't that an asshole?

Phil O'Cleon

Yeah [*hiccup/burp*], I fucked it.

Del O'Cleon

Okay, I've heard enough. [*Grabbing the girl*] Come here.

Phil O'Cleon

Where? What are you taking her?

Del O'Cleon

Away from you. Because you're drunk, and you're old, and quite frankly, I don't think you can satisfy her needs.

ACT 5 SCENE 4

Chorus, Phil, Drunk Girl, Del, Priest, Lawyer

[*Enter Priest and Lawyer. Del and Drunk Girl stop to observe.*]

Priest

Come with me. That's the guy! He's the one who was defacing the church, spraying vile things on the outside. And he hit me with a champagne bottle!

Del O'Cleon

A church, dad, really? You graffitied a church?! Now we've got a lawsuit on our hands, all because of your over-indulgence!

Phil O'Cleon

No problem! Some quick talking will take care of this.

Priest

Ohhhhh no! No amount of sweet-talking will save you from this!

Phil O'Cleon

Look, man. I'm gonna tell you a story that's gonna rock your world.

Priest

Silence, buffoon.

Phil O'Cleon

Richard Pryor was on his way home from a party once. On the way home, a dog starts to bark at him. Now, this bitch was loud, aggressive (and probably a little bit drunk). So he turns to her and says, "Bitch! You should trade that dirty mouth of yours for something useful, like a--spatula". (?)

Priest

Well I never! Who do you think you are? I'm calling the police! And, I've already got my lawyer handy!

Phil O'Cleon

No no, wait! Just listen, and tell me if this makes sense... remember when Biggie and Tupac were beefing? Someone asked Tupac about it, and *he* said the following memorable words: "you better shut the fuck up before you get smacked the fuck up".

Priest

Ohhhh, a wise-guy, eh??

[*Exit Priest and Lawyer. Perhaps the Priest offers his arm to the Drunk Girl and they exit together???*]

ACT 5 SCENE 5

Chorus, Phil, Del, Iraq War Veteran, Tea Party Supporter

enter
TPS

ASSS

Del O'Cleon

Oh my. There's another one coming. And he's got a Tea Partier with him.



(Enter legless Iraq-War Veteran on wheelchair or crutches with Tea-Party supporter)

Iraq-war Veteran

Oh gawd! This is awful! There! He's the one who did it!

Del O'Cleon

You assaulted a fellow vet? *[To the vet]* Oh please, don't call your tea-party friends! Christ, I'll give you any amount of money you ask for... I went to so much trouble to get rid of these shenanigans!

Phil O'Cleon

No, no. I'm proud of what I did. I punched him and threw my champagne bottle at him. He's a filthy, murdering army veteran! That's how we liberals do, right?

Chorus: Nooooooooo!

Phil O'Cleon

[To the Vet] Come here, let me make you an offer you can't refuse, then we can be friends after.

Del O'Cleon "negative publicity"
Well, say it. I could do without the negative publicity.



[Tea Party supporter gets out his smart phone and starts to record what is now becoming an incident.]

Camera on

Phil O'Cleon

Instead of hiring a repair guy, a man from Los Altos once tried to fix his own front door and nailed his hand to the frame. You see, he was inexperienced in carpentry. Now, a friend of his saw this and said: "each man should practice the trade he knows". So from this, we can conclude: you should go to a doctor to get stitched up.

Del O'Cleon

Oh shit, here he goes again.

Iraq-war Veteran

My friend is posting your behavior on YouTube! We're going to demonstrate outside your house!

Phil O'Cleon

Look, don't go. Check it out. A woman from Los Altos once broke a pot.

Iraq-war Veteran

[To the Tea Party supporter] Keep shooting!

Phil O'Cleon "You're a frigging pot."

So the pot brought a tea-kettle along to take notes. And the woman said: "Why the heck are you bringing a kettle along to protect you? You're a frigging pot".



Tea-party Supporter

[Putting away the phone and giving the Veteran a hand as they turn to go.] We're going to expose you for the depraved socialists you are!

Exit

Del O'Cleon

Ok, you're not staying out anymore. I'm bringing you inside!

Phil O'Cleon

What are you doing?

Del O'Cleon

I'm gonna lock you inside, again! You just can't stop attracting Tea Partiers!

Phil O'Cleon

Look, once upon a time, Richard Pryor--

Del O'Cleon

"You better shut the fuck up before you get smacked the fuck up".

Phil O'Cleon

He was accused of being sexist and racist. So he told them to--

Del O'Cleon

Shut up! People are listening! *[Del leads him inside]*

ACT 5 SCENE 6

Chorus

[Song 8, to the tune of the Weather Girls' *It's Raining Men*]

Chorus: I envy your good fortune / The pleasures you will taste.
The swinging hipster parties / The ass you're gonna chase.
Fuck those old grizzly habits,
Toss your Glenn gear away.
We know it's hard to change for good,
But if you do we know you'll say

This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet (hey-hey)
Come try the soft life, come plunge in head first,
Work it till you're 'bout to burst.
This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet -- look around and see:
Slick clothes, hot hoes,
Wine and dine and drink and pose!

God bless Del O'Cleon, who could be a better son?
He showed us the good life, he's the best of all the young.
He turned us from grizzlies, into pleasure-loving wasps,
Here for heavy petting, now we've lost our killer claws.

This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet (hey-hey)
Come try the soft life, come plunge in head first,
Work it till you're 'bout to burst.
This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet -- look around and see:
Slick clothes, hot hoes,
Wine and dine and drink and pose!

ACT 5 SCENE 7

Chorus, Ziggy

Ziggy

[Crazy noises are heard from within. Ziggy sneaks out and closes the door.]

This is crazy, crazy I tell you! The things that are happening in this house! It's one big crazy house!!! The old man *had* been sober and straight-laced for so long that he's now obsessed with it all. He's been playing records all night -- he's been playing nothing but old skool hip-hop. And he's been looking back at his days as a b-boy. He says his moves would still put anyone of these new crews to shame.

Phil O'Cleon [*Comes out the front door, dressed like a member of the Sugar Hill Gang*]
Hark! Who's there?

Ziggy
There he is, there's the bad dude.

Phil O'Cleon
Unlock this door, and check out my moves!

Ziggy
He's beginning to go insane.

Phil O'Cleon
To start it off, now just roll your hips. Move your neck and let your back-bone slip.

Ziggy
Have you taken your meds, dude?

Phil O'Cleon
Grand Master Flash a-gets down like a rooster!

Jerry
Hey now!

Phil O'Cleon
Check out this rocket, it don't need no booster.

Ziggy
Watch yourself!

Phil O'Cleon
Because now my hip joints spin like a record.... [*Takes a moment*] I got nothing. But wasn't it great?

Jerry
No way dude. That was demented.

Phil O'Cleon
What? [*Unfazed*] Bring it! I'm making a general announcement here! I challenge all y'all. Any breakdancer who claims to be down like this, step in the ring, motherfucker! Anyone out there? No?

Ziggy
Just that guy over there.

[*A spotlight falls on an Article of the Constitution, leaning against a light pole with its arms crossed*]

Phil O'Cleon
Who's that??

Ziggy
Oh shit! It's the first amendment of the constitution!

Phil O'Cleon
Amendment? More like a PostIt™ note!

Ziggy
He's the short one in the family. But he's got serious bite.

Phil O'Cleon

Ha, I'll eat him raw. I'll destroy him with a shake of my hip. I got the beat.

Ziggy

Awwwww, you sorry sucker, here comes another amendment. It's the second! And he's packing.

(Enter second amendment, cocking a pistol and kissing his guns)

Phil O'Cleon

Then it's a double treat!

Ziggy

No it's not. You're taking on three amendments, because now the twenty-first is on the way!

[The amendment, a little dishevelled, takes a huge drink from his rum bottle -- which he continues to do periodically]

Phil O'Cleon

What a charming family! Right, no more talking, let's get it on! Ziggy, rev up the paper shredder. *[Music begins]*

Chorus Leader

Alright, make a circle! Has someone got a box to do this on? *[Someone brings out cardboard box]* Get back!

[Attempts at break-dancing commence to the tune of the Sugar Hill Gang's "Rapper's Delight"]

James Madison

i said a hip hop the hippie the hippie
to the hip hip hop, a you dont stop
the rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogie
to the rhythm of the boogie, the beat

now what you see are amendments--they're dancin' to the beat
me, I'm James Madison and I'm here to move your feet
hands up in the air, and that's the way it goes
for the flag, for the white, the red, and the blue, as everybody knows
but first i gotta bang bang the boogie to the boogie
say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie
let's rock, you dont stop
rock the riddle that will make your body rock
well so far you've heard my voice but i brought a friend along
and next on the mike is Jefferson, come on Tom, sing that song

Thomas Jefferson

We are founding fathers, and we're down with slavery
but this is not a test, a-we want free colonies
now hold on to your rights, and those of your fellows
fight fight fight oppression, and that's the way it goes!
we're down with free markets, but not with anarchy
say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie
let's rock, you dont stop
rock the riddle that will make your body rock
well, now, audience, so far you've heard my beatz
get get up from your chair, go dancin' in the streetz!

(Fin)

4-grapevine r
4-turn-jump w/clap
4-shimmy-lean
4-chug chug turn 2 claps

4 crabs right
4 crabs left clap
8 crabs circle 2 claps